

THE UKASE.

The Herald Correspondent at Zurich Tete-a-Tete with a Hungarian Countess Studying with the Russian Students.

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SWISS MORALITY.

Zurich, Sept. 8, 1873.

Finding that there was a certain countess on the books of the University of Zurich bearing the name of some Hungarian nobles with whom I had been formerly acquainted when I was at Vienna, I thought that I might venture to pay her a visit without being guilty of impudence. I inquired for her address of the University peddlar or beadle and was directed to the house No. 9 in the new Plattenstrasse, Fluntern. The house was not particularly well kept, and all the servants (if the proprietor, who seemed to be a Frenchman, had any to do with it) were obliged to wander from door to door asking for the Countess and could get no answer. At last, when I had wandered up to the third story, my hesitating rap at a side door was followed by the abrupt appearance of a young lady, about twenty years old, dressed with extreme plainness.

"Entrez" (come in), said the young lady, briefly, and even sternly. I entered her apartment and found myself in a bedroom meanly furnished and uncarpeted. In one corner was an uncomfortable bed, ill made and not unlike the plan of a mountainous country, hastily modelled in plaster of Paris for military purposes. A cotton dress and a Swiss hat hung together on a peg or nail behind the door. Upon a rickety table was a book on anatomy; half a dozen more books were on a rickety shelf placed against the wall. Two rickety chairs and a rickety sofa completed the furniture of the apartment; but there was a cupboard in it which might conceal unexpected treasures, and the open window disclosed a sad view of the distant Alps.

THE MISTRESS

Of this abode was a thin, nervous person, wasted almost to a shadow, and with that unhealthy color in her cheeks which betokens heart disease. The skin of her nose had a metallic gleam. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were imperfectly formed, and her round, black eyes had that meaningless expression which I have often observed in very unfortunate people. Her hair, which was of a rich, nut-brown color, and curled naturally, was closely cropped and was roughly dressed, like the hair of a man who does not care for appearances. Perhaps a comb had been passed through that morning, perhaps a spoon. Yet she must once have been beautiful. Her features were regular and refined, her figure was upright and graceful, her hands and feet small. She was very modestly dressed in a blue cotton gown, mounting high up to her throat. She had not a vestige of ornament or the least taint of coquetry in her manners. Indeed, they were precisely the manners of an ordinary medical student.

"Yes," said the Countess, after I had introduced myself, resting her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, "I am the Countess you inquire for—at least so they call me here; but that is my husband's name, and I will not acknowledge it. I have earned a title for myself. It is that of a medical student at Zurich, and it is all my own. My maiden name is here on my card, with my title of medical student beneath it (Stud-mo), and I will answer to no other." She looked straight in my face, with her head, lack-lustre eyes, as she spoke, and met my interrogatory without the least embarrassment.

"Yes, I have been married," she said, bluntly, "and do not like it. I have a son, and have less

husband and son behind me. I am here to improve my mind. I come from Pind, in Hungary, where there are no means of improving the mind. I have been already a year in Zurich; have maintained in the winter session of 1872. I am quite happy. All I desire is to be left in peace with my books. When a woman is unloved she should try to make herself useful. I live here by myself because I cannot bear the restraint of residing with a family, and I will not suffer any interruption to my studies. It is impossible to study unless one can feel sure of privacy; and if any one teases me with talk my mind is unhinged for the day. Of course I know the other female students, though I do not associate with them. I will go with you now and see them, if you like. Do not thank me. I would do the same for a student boy. My idea of duty is to make myself useful."

She rose, put on her hat, and with

THE NATURAL INSTINCT OF A LADY, which she could not forget, or I think she would have done so, she took a pair of new gloves from her cupboard, and then was ready to accompany me, though the rain poured down in torrents.

"If you have got a carriage," she observed, indifferently, as we stood at the street door. "So much the better; you will do your business more quickly." I held my umbrella respectfully over her head while she stepped into the carriage, and when she was seated she turned sharply round and faced me. Then, for the first time, I saw something like a returning dawn of her youth's blighted summer set back into her face, and it suddenly dimpled all over with laughter. "You must treat me as a comrade," she said. "I will have no nonsense about holding up umbrellas. I am not a lady; I am a medical student. Let us be 'mal tellors' well met,' or I will have nothing to say to you." Then the hard expression settled once more into her face, and she went on talking in a fierce, captious, desultory manner. Presently the carriage stopped before a low, bare, cheerless building in the suburb.

"This is

THE RUSSIAN STUDENTS' HOUSE," remarked the Countess, walking in before me with a resolute step. We were met by a slouching, dirty fellow, who was lounging on the staircase in an idle way. My companion tackled him at once, as though she were commanding a troop of horse.

"Are any of the female students here now?" she asked, peremptorily. The dirty man got up and scratched his head to collect his thoughts, which were possibly not the only things he collected. "Yes," he drawled out when he had done so.

"Show me in to them," said the Countess. "Here is a gentleman come to look at them."

Some filthy looking fellows, who looked like the sons of newly emancipated serfs, now opened the door of a row of rooms opening on to a corridor. These were Russian students, said the Countess, as she might have said, "These are the beasts." There was little difference indeed between them and some of the lower animals, save that they asserted their brotherhood with men by clothes. They were gross, clumsy, thickest, low-browed, truculent creatures, unkempt and unshorn. They wore heavy boots, outside their trousers, and had a furtive, hang-dog look about them. When they had examined us they shut themselves into their dens again. They evidently did not like our appearance. Perhaps they thought I was another inquisitive Russian general come to look into their affairs.

"Will you wait in the library?" inquired the dirty man, to whom the Countess had first spoken, and he showed us the way to a large, white-washed room, floored with plain deal boards. On the table were half a dozen newspapers, and on one of these were several notices of the University. The Countess, as she might have said, "These are the beasts." There was little difference indeed between them and some of the lower animals, save that they asserted their brotherhood with men by clothes. They were gross, clumsy, thickest, low-browed, truculent creatures, unkempt and unshorn. They wore heavy boots, outside their trousers, and had a furtive, hang-dog look about them. When they had examined us they shut themselves into their dens again. They evidently did not like our appearance. Perhaps they thought I was another inquisitive Russian general come to look into their affairs.

"You have bought this house, haven't you?" said the Countess sharply; "what did you give for it?"

The dirty man, who was smoking rose and straggled towards us. The Countess coughed as the cloud of rank tobacco smoke which preceded him like a rolling fog began to envelop her.

"Aye, aye," (Ja, Ja), replied this dirty man, for the conversation went on in corrupt German. "We have bought the house, because we wanted to be free from spies. We paid \$3,000 francs for it. We like to be independent. The house says we bought it to practise the doctrines of free love. That is a calumny." Here the dirty man leered at the Countess, and again she coughed.

"Are none of the female students at home?" she asked again.

The dirty man slouched towards the door without answering. She followed them and motioned me to accompany her. Then the dirty men stood irresolutely at the door, and one leered, while the other looked doggedly down at his heavy boots and put on an air of resolute stupidity which I have often observed in Russian peasants when I have been to bay by an authority which they will neither resist nor obey.

"I want to see one of the female students," repeated the Countess in a sharp, commanding voice. She mentioned the name of a student, and at last one of the dirty men—it was the man who leered—heaved heavily down the corridor, and, stopping at the last door on the left, knocked loudly and bawled.

There was no answer for some minutes, but at last the door opened just wide enough to admit the message of the Countess. The dirty man, who was slouching towards the door, opened it a minute, and then closed the door without speaking. But the Countess, who was slouching towards the door, opened it a minute, and then closed the door without speaking. But the Countess, who was slouching towards the door, opened it a minute, and then closed the door without speaking.

"Let us go," said the Countess, as the leering man leered again towards her through the doorway. "They will not let us in, and I am almost stifled with bad smells."

"My husband," replied the man who leered, with a look half familiar and half ashamed, "has had a misfortune."

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did not look like a blue stocking or a pedant. Her dress was fresh, well made and well put on. She looked neat, clean and comfortable, and was, I think, one of the most agreeable and clever women I have seen.

"I come from Wiborg, in Finland," she said, with easy, good breeding. "My mother lives in Wiborg, and I have been nearly four years at Zurich. I was quite alone; lately my sister has been here, and she is studying medicine. I am a student, because I expect to take my degree in a few months and am unwilling to give up the result of my studies. I am a single woman—at present."

"Here I must stay," she said, with a slight smile. "I thought her sister glanced demurely at the female philosopher; but this may have been fancy. I have not seen her since she came to Zurich, and nothing more or less about Lydia, and her husband, if she chooses one, is a lucky fellow. 'My sister is also unmarried,' she continued, 'but she is not a member of this University. The other, however, many married ladies among us. Some of them study with their husbands, and that is a very good thing. I have not seen her since she came to Zurich, and nothing more or less about Lydia, and her husband, if she chooses one, is a lucky fellow. 'My sister is also unmarried,' she continued, 'but she is not a member of this University. The other, however, many married ladies among us. Some of them study with their husbands, and that is a very good thing. I have not seen her since she came to Zurich, and nothing more or less about Lydia, and her husband, if she chooses one, is a lucky fellow. 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